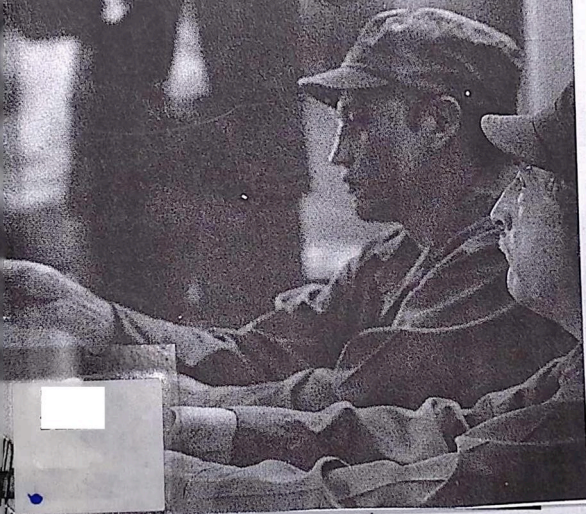


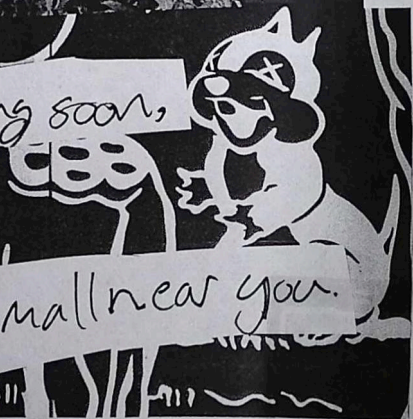
anemia,
L'n Lost.
#3



The starkly
boring lives
of the young
and disillusional.

Coming soon,

to a mall near you.



②
I just love that feeling
when a song comes so easily off
your lips and fingertips into
the world. I should really

get around to recording my
demo and playing shows. I used
to be no good at it. But I've
finally found my voice amidst

years of singing off key and

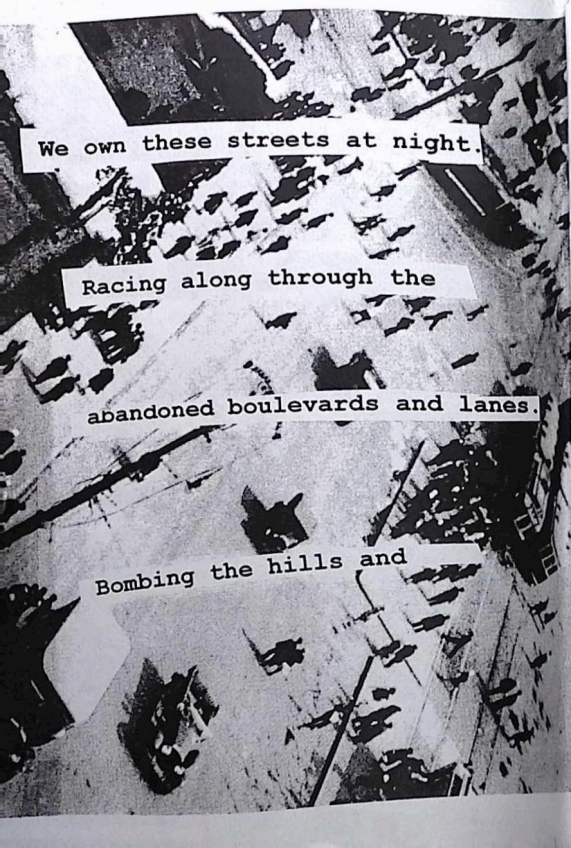
playing pop punk. Thank Bob

Dylan. I really appreciate

all you've done for me, even

though you look goofy

in the new commercials.



We own these streets at night.

Racing along through the


abandoned boulevards and lanes.

Bombing the hills and



running every light that's

clear for street upon street



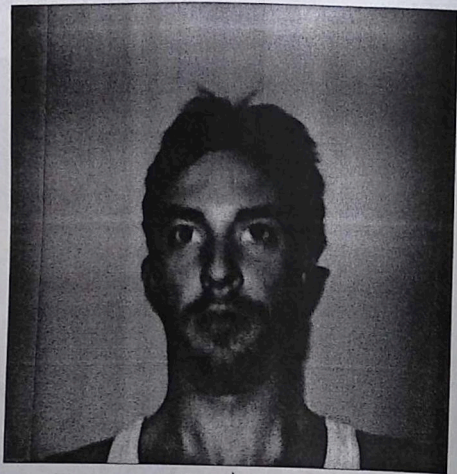
upon street. Only to give

the pavement back to the cars at



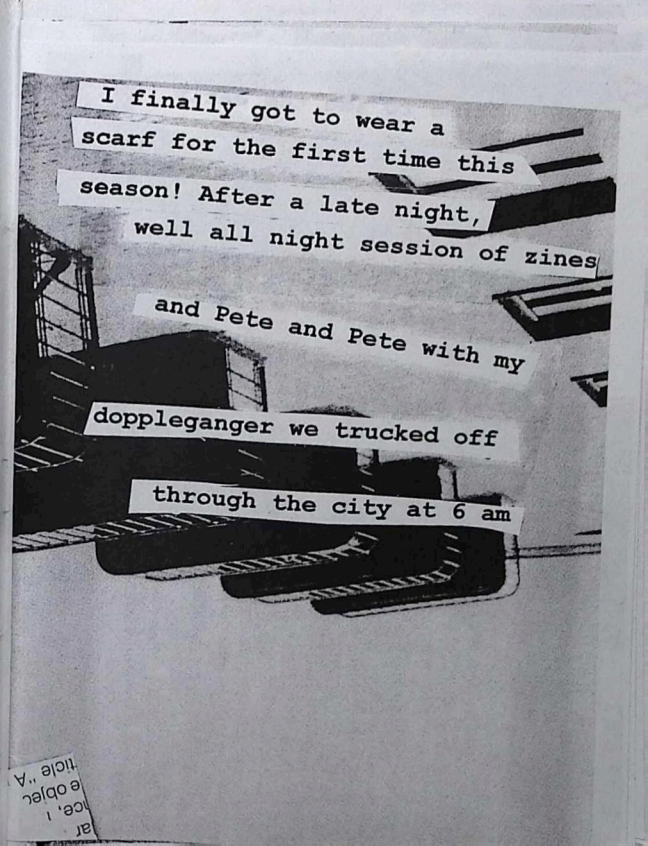
dawn.

4



I have No Fucking
clue who this guy
is, I

found him in
the trash!



I finally got to wear a
scarf for the first time this
season! After a late night,
well all night session of zines

and Pete and Pete with my

doppleganger we trucked off

through the city at 6 am

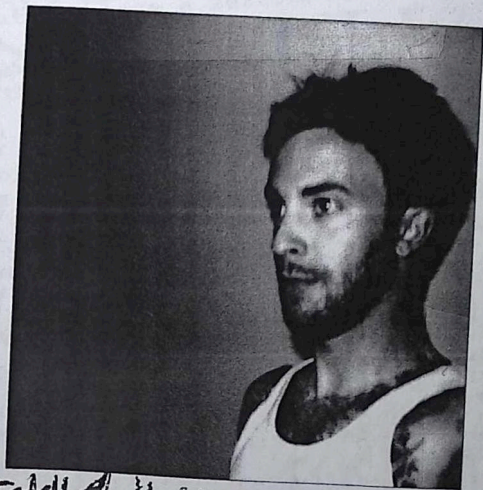
at
nce, I
e objec
ticle "A

just in time to see the early
morning play across all

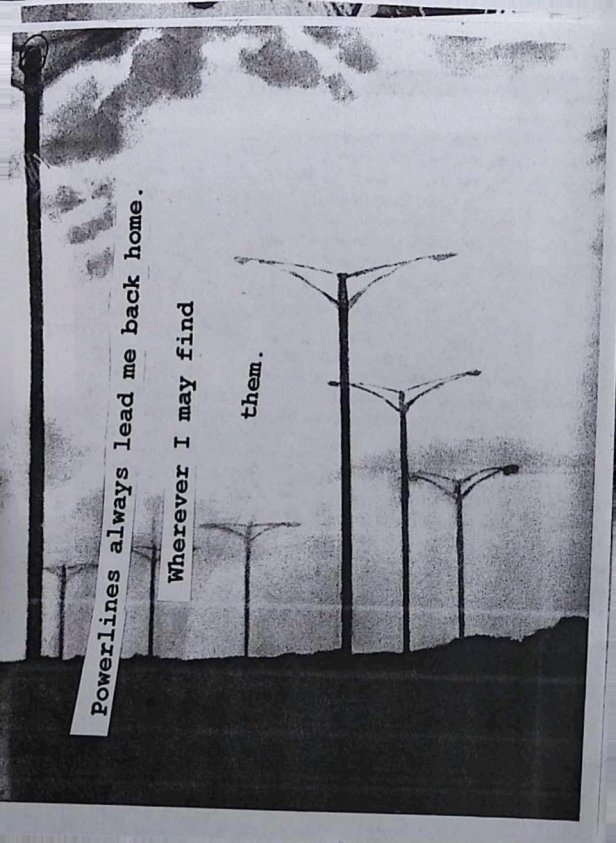
the broken alleyways and tall
buildings of richmond's down

town area. It's strange how
people at bus stopped

always seem so pissed off.



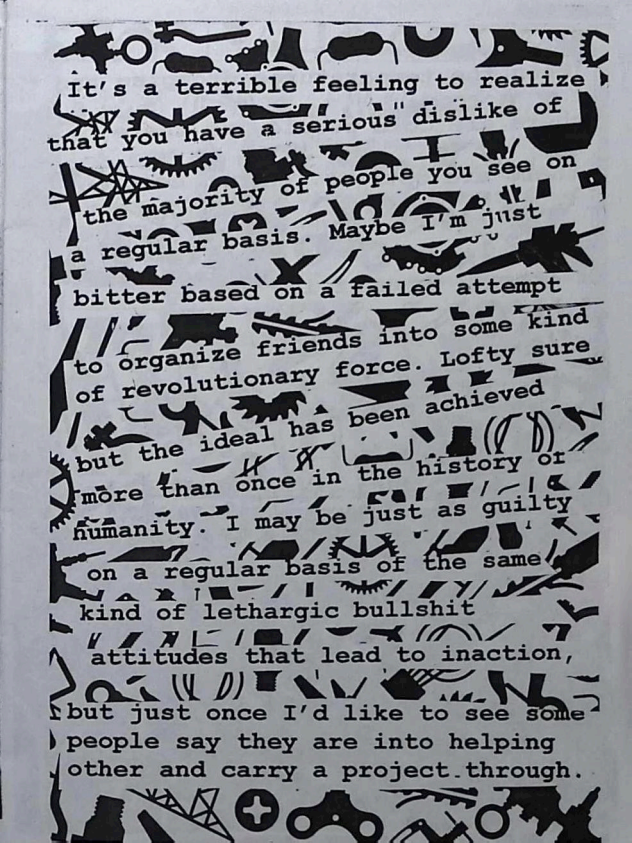
I still don't know...
It's still funny



Powerlines always lead me back home.

Wherever I may find

them.



It's a terrible feeling to realize
that you have a serious dislike of
the majority of people you see on
a regular basis. Maybe I'm just
bitter based on a failed attempt
to organize friends into some kind
of revolutionary force. Lofty sure
but the ideal has been achieved
more than once in the history of
humanity. I may be just as guilty
on a regular basis of the same
kind of lethargic bullshit
attitudes that lead to inaction,
but just once I'd like to see some
people say they are into helping
other and carry a project through.



When the temperatures dropping and
there are cold people out there,
there are options. We can help
of others. Even if its making
simple things to improve the lives
their night just a little warmer
with a scarf or two.



Wishful Thinking

What fine weather this is! Not very becoming perhaps early in the morning, but very pleasant out of doors at noon, and very wholesome—at least everybody fancies so, and imagination is everything.

—Jane Austen, English novelist (1775–1817)

17

I miss apple picking
in the fall with
my parents. I'm waiting
on the leaves to
change!!

Planning a trip? Check the Long-Range Forecast at www.almanac.com.



More frightening than death, more
terrifying than the thought of

losing a friend in the sense of a
physical huggable being is the

sight of watching them slowly move
out of reality, descend into madness.

Maybe you understand.

Maybe you've been there yourself.

Maybe the drugs became too much

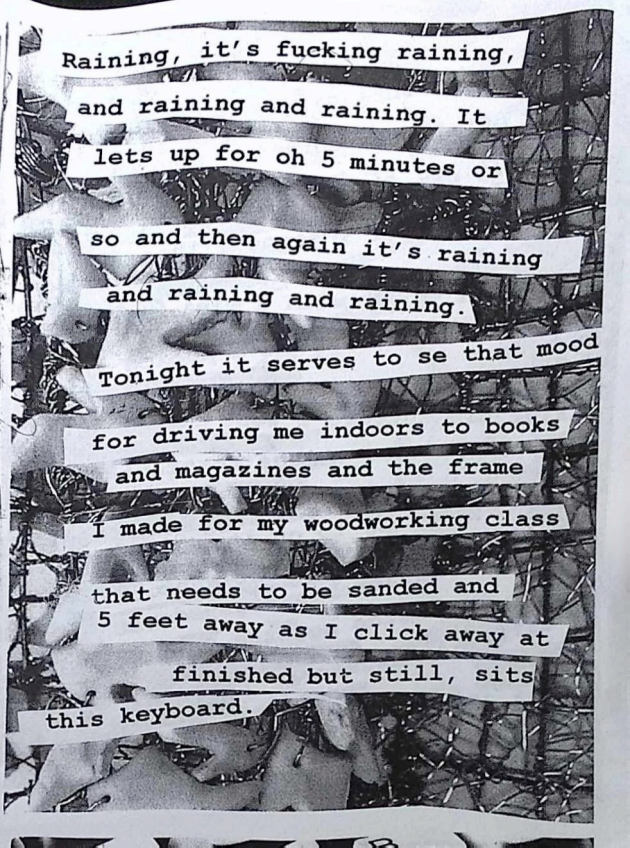
and the tall lanky form you used
to know no longer holds the spark
of life you grew to love.

I've seen people walk to that edge,

crawl on hands and knees back in a
gasping heap coming back from that
darkness and fog. So far reality

has kept some hold on the minds of
the people I know but its gotten
close on occasion.

I hope to never
see someone I love gone for good,
off into the night of paranoia and
solitude.



Raining, it's fucking raining,
and raining and raining. It
lets up for oh 5 minutes or
so and then again it's raining
and raining and raining.

Tonight it serves to se that mood
for driving me indoors to books
and magazines and the frame
I made for my woodworking class
that needs to be sanded and
5 feet away as I click away at
finished but still, sits
this keyboard.

I need to go on a city wide
raid of all the thrift
stores I can find for more old
tapes. After I found a tape
recorder along with a mini
portable color tv and a police
issue nightstick, I went out and
got a few things to start

listening to on it. And now
I'm hooked, like that aunt of
yours and her brownies, don't
ask, that's not the only
dirty little secret I
know about your family.

Think

So far the tape collection includes---

- The cure
- Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me
- Standing On A Beach, The

singles (And Unavailable B sides)

- Don McLean
- American Pie & Other Hits

- Lucinda Williams
- Car Wheels On A Gravel Road

-And one blank to record my own

stuff on (which after I get

some new guitar strings and put
a curse on all the music

stores closed on Mondays

might actually get full)



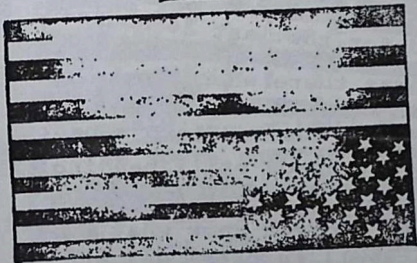
DEAR AMERICA



Think about your next move



I'M LOST

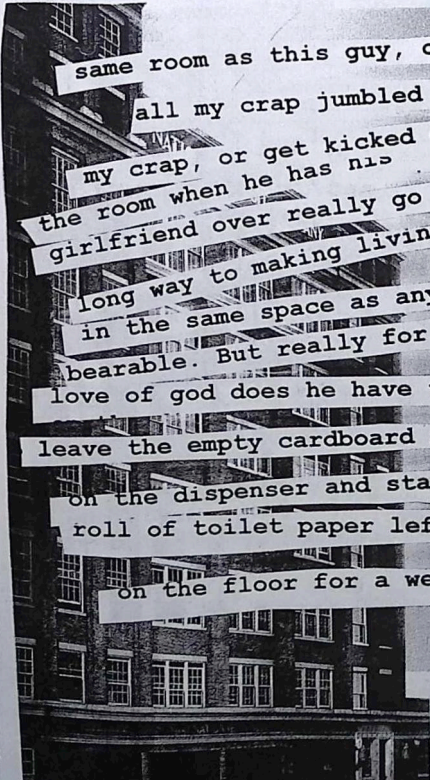


I've got Don McLean on an old
cassette, and an even
older cassette player. My
only company for the night. Well
beside the headache I've had
all day. That lousy fuck
that's taken up residence in
my head for the last 24 hours.
He was there when I woke up
and despite the landlord's best
efforts my heads still banging
away to the bassline he
bellows. And you know what,
my skull surprisingly isn't
even as thick as the less
than flimsy walls of my dorm.

Think about your worst roommate
COMPANY
LOFTS
ver. Ok, now forget

him/her/that raving (lunatic,
bitch, asshole) and think
about your second, third fourth
maybe even fifth worst
roommate. The one that goes down

on your shitlist forever
for the little things that
otherwise made them an ok
roommate. I've been in way
worse spots than my current
fact that I don't live in the
situation. Things like the



same room as this guy, or get

all my crap jumbled in with

my crap, or get kicked out of

the room when he has his

girlfriend over really go a long

long way to making living

in the same space as anyone

bearable. But really for the

love of god does he have to

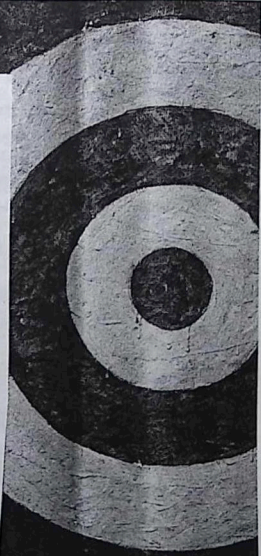
leave the empty cardboard roll

on the dispenser and start a new

roll of toilet paper left

on the floor for a week?

I want a bow and arrow, or
a sling shot. There's quite
a few Robin hood day
dreams yet to live out!



College dorms have no soul.

I've been trying to kill

off the emptiness of my room

with magazines but sometime

the brown and black stains on the

old carpet get to me. I

hope to have a house next year,

someplace with a hundred

years behind it in Oregon hill.

Live with friends instead

of strangers. Drink tea and play

guitar with my sister if

she moves in with me. That'd be amazing

I've had a fantasy of getting

some of my favorite poet

and artist friends together in
one place since I was a

sophomore in high school.

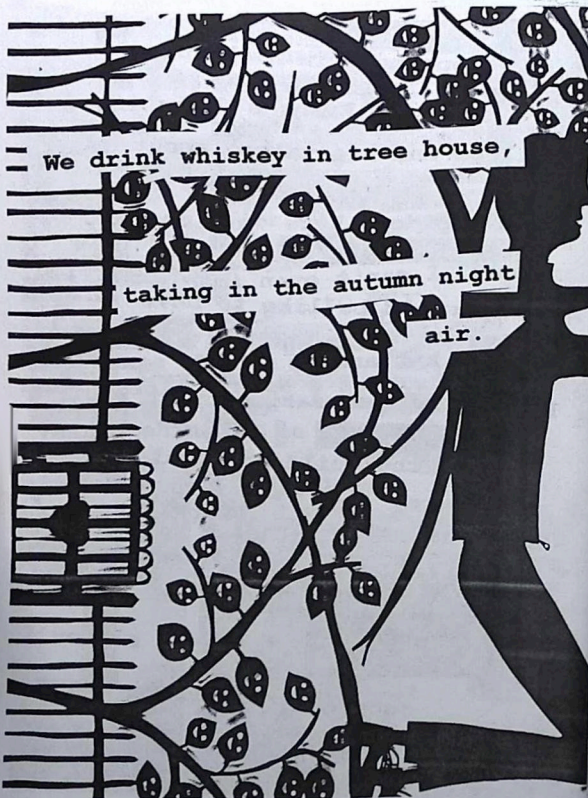
My friend Kisha's finishing college and has talked about

moving down here with me next

year. I can't even imagine what it would be like to have

her and kat and me in the same place. The foundation might

shake, the building might tumble.



— We drink whiskey in tree house,

taking in the autumn night
air.

WATERPROOF PA
WATERPROOF PA
WATERPROOF PA

A
A
A

600

CANADA

ADA

EC

ROOF PAPER
ROOF PAPER
ROOF PAPER

My life would be
vastly improved
by having more
root top access codes
and a magic crowbar
always by my side.

Everyone else ran straight to him,

and I having been

trained in first aid, having a dominating inner narrative

about wanting to protect my friends couldn't walk out the door. After they brought

him inside after he had been lifted into the house and

convinced to use the bathroom to check and see if his organs were fucked I checked his eyes

for concussion (mind you

someone else already had taken

care of that by then. I

couldn't believe that I had just

said they got him he's going

to be fine. That kills me. I

spent the rest of the night

and the next day kicking myself

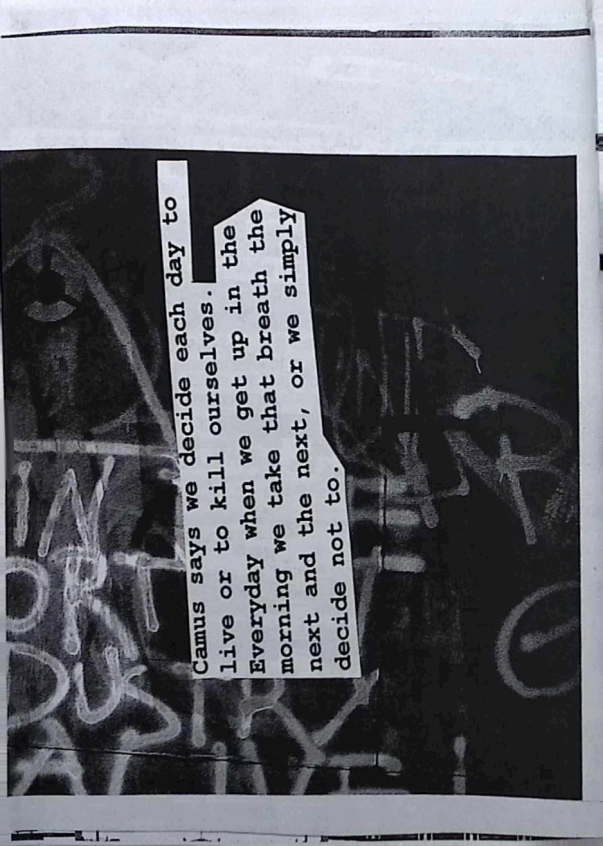
for it. He was fine but I felt

like had failed the guy I

had just been talking over

an acting career with. But he

was ok.



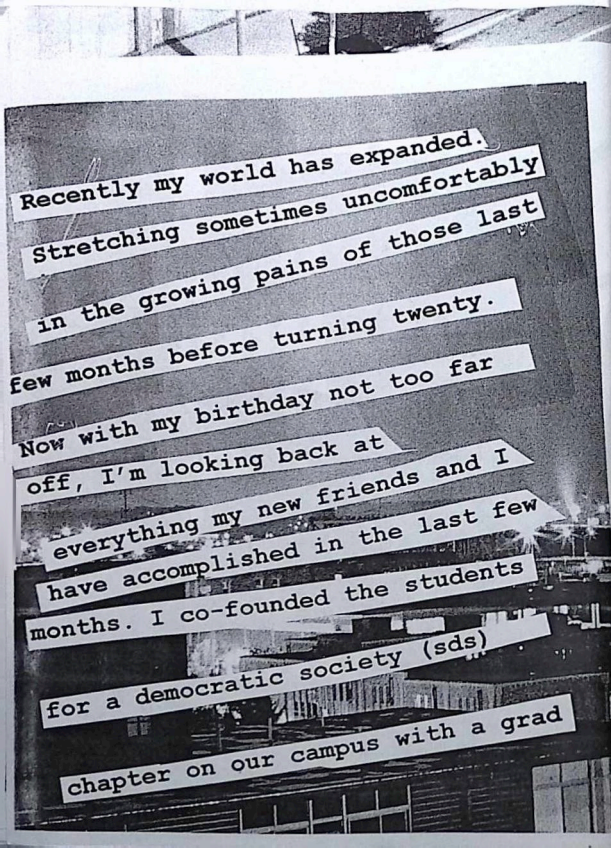
Camus says we decide each day to
live or to kill ourselves.

Everyday when we get up in the
morning we take that breath the
next and the next, or we simply
decide not to.

utis

g





Recently my world has expanded.
Stretching sometimes uncomfortably
in the growing pains of those last
few months before turning twenty.
Now with my birthday not too far
off, I'm looking back at
everything my new friends and I
have accomplished in the last few
months. I co-founded the students
for a democratic society (sds)
chapter on our campus with a grad

student, and then suddenly there
were three antiwar meetings a

week. A whole list of firsts for
me has resulted in the following

-first time running from a line of
riot cops

-first time taking a street back
from moving traffic

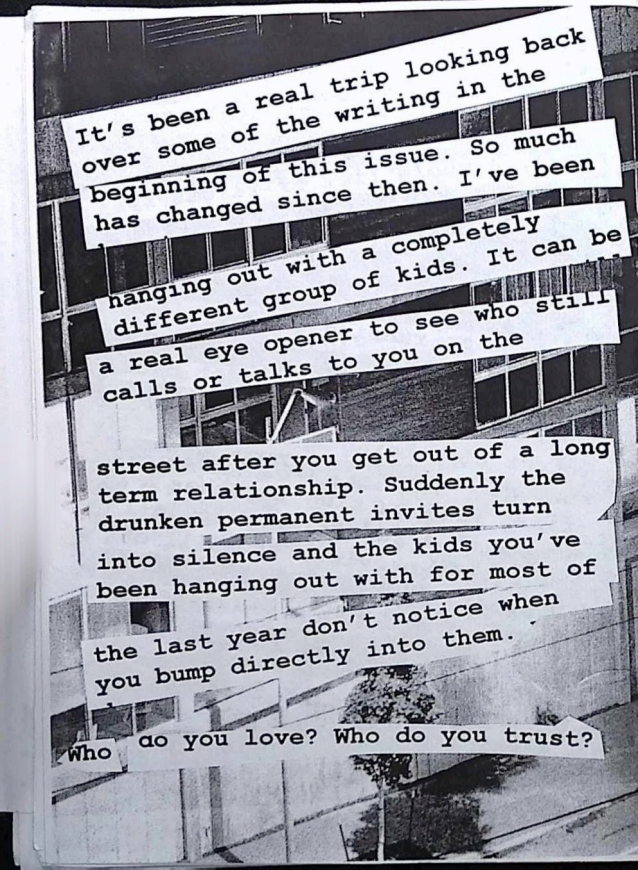
-first time being threatened with
tear gas

-first time putting together a
show with a few friends for all
the local activists to chill out
together

-first time doing a massive banner
drop

-first time seeing what we could
be if we all worked together

-first time seeing all these
dreams come true



It's been a real trip looking back
over some of the writing in the
beginning of this issue. So much
has changed since then. I've been

hanging out with a completely
different group of kids. It can be

a real eye opener to see who still
calls or talks to you on the


street after you get out of a long
term relationship. Suddenly the
drunken permanent invites turn

into silence and the kids you've
been hanging out with for most of
the last year don't notice when
you bump directly into them.

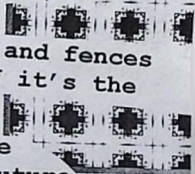
Who do you love? Who do you trust?

Other dreams Realized


SO we got a HOUSE!!!! I can't wait
to be out of this mental ward of a



dorm. I'll leave behind the stark
white walls of this cell, the
security check points and fences
that make me wonder if it's the
rest of the world they're
protecting from us. My future



residence will be just as
imagined.. well kind of. The good
news is that I will be living with
my sister.



And despite the all of
the ridiculousness of the third

commate (and on and off fourth
commate) selections and the race

to find a house before they were
all rented, everything came

together pretty easily. I'm
looking forward to my first garden
since I was around 13, to making
music constantly and making my
house a ground zero for Richmond
activist organizing.

2 1 2
Like the song when I was a kid

I want to wrap myself up in

an envelope and take an unfair
advantage over the us postal

service. I want to exploit

their efficiency and travel far
beyond the mail box. Straight

to your apartment where you'd

unseal my smoky bundle,

having ignored the extra owed to

the post man due to the

overweight nature of my carriage.

